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at mediocrity, in this most necessary accomplishment. It is very disgusting to hear men who have had good opportunities, say they cannot compose. The truth is, they will not take the trouble to compose. A good style of composition is not to be attained by one effort; it is the effect of repeated attempts, and persevering exertions.

I doubt not but Mr. Addison's sentiments have operated with many of our clergy, who might have made a very respectable figure as preachers, on their own foundation, and from the resources of their own minds. Borrowing this sentiment from such high authority, men who might have figured in the republic of letters, and been ornaments to true religion, have perhaps slumbered away their days in listless inactivity and ease. Let candidates for the ministry beware of such examples. Let them only know them, that they may guard against their pernicious influence; let them understand that they must store their minds with useful knowledge, and prepare themselves to preach their own discourses to the people, if they desire to fill their situations with credit, and faithfully to discharge one important branch of the duties of the christian ministry. I am, &c.

BENEVOLUS.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

*Account of an apparatus for teaching arithmetic to children, experienced to be of much benefit.*

THE mechanical apparatus for teaching arithmetic before writing, is as follows.

Twelve printed figures of each of the digits, and of cyphers, are pasted to wooden tablets, of one inch in length,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch in breadth, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch in thickness, with a projecting peg from the centre of the tablet. The tablets are of birch, turned and cut to the above shape. A mahogany board on ledges, is pierced with 144 holes, which receive the pegs of the tablets, so that their edges nearly touch. The centres of four of these holes are the corners of a rectangle, a little larger than one of the tablets. The board rests on a table.

The tablets are disposed separately in ten boxes on the right and left of the board. It is obvious that addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, can be conveniently learned by such a table, provided the examples do not run to a great number of places. By such a table a child can readily acquire a practical knowledge of the rules it learns. He may begin by setting down the numbers in the natural series, and in columns of tens. Then he may proceed to learn addition practically, thus; let the question be, what is the sum of two and three? he marks two holes in one column, and three in another, and then reckoning down one, and up another, he finds the sum 5. In a similar manner is subtraction performed; and in multiplication, let the question be, what is the product of two and three? he takes three columns of two, and reckoning them all over he finds the sum.



It would be easy to point out various advantages in this method, above that of getting the products by rote.

As to the improvement of this apparatus, I suppose the tablets may be conveniently reduced to half the linear magnitude, by this means four times as many tablets will be required, and computations may be extended to twice the number of places. The pierced board must not be much larger than I describe, otherwise the child's hands will not reach its extremities, and the farthest boxes of tablets conveniently. A similar plan might answer for teaching to spell.

*We have been favoured with the account of the above apparatus for teaching arithmetic, by a gentleman of high and well deserved rank in the learned world, who has experienced it to be of the greatest utility in teaching his own children.*

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

SAINCLAIR,

*Continued from p. 13, No. XVIII.*

ABOUT this time Sainclair met with a young girl of the age of

fifteen, and of a charming figure, who pleased him so much, that he made inquiry about her. He learned, that she was, not actually at a convent, but at a very brilliant boarding school, which had been lately established. In order to examine her at his ease he went to a public examination, which took place at the school. But there he had the annoyance to see her crowned with pomp in presence of two hundred spectators. She obtained the first prize in geography: she was applauded with transport, much more for her beautiful figure, than her knowledge. She received these proofs of admiration with grace, but in the manner of a person accustomed to produce such effects. Heavens! exclaimed Sainclair to himself, so young, and already familiarised to such glaring success! After having received so much brilliant homage, how is it possible, she can hereafter rest contented with the simple approbation of a husband! This coronation however was followed by a scene, that touched Sainclair. Immediately after the applauses had ceased, all the companions of the successful candidate, got up, and ran to throw themselves into her arms; they embraced her repeatedly, and with a good grace, that charmed every one. Surely, said Sainclair, emulation and glory have not produced jealousy here. What a delightful spectacle!

After the distribution of the prizes, there was music. Sainclair happened to be beside a lady, near whom was one of the boarders, a child of about six or seven years old. Sainclair paid her a compliment on the graceful and feeling manner, with which she had embraced the young lady, who had been crowned. Oh yes, replied she, we practised it a good deal this morning. Sainclair burst into a fit of laughter: the mother of the candid child was very much displeased with this indiscretion. Console yourself, madam, said Sainclair, this *dramatic* education will most assuredly correct all that is natural and unaffected. A little time after, Sainclair saw in a newspaper this young lady, who had been crowned, spoken of for an act of *filial piety*, and the very same day he read her name in a printed

list of subscribers to a charitable purpose.

Sainclair already weary of Paris, went at the beginning of spring to pass a few days in the country. There he met a young widow, who paid him great attention, and succeeded in exciting in his mind a lively interest for her. Clotilda had a kind of celebrity, which found favour in Sainclair's eyes. She was spoken of in her own circle as a woman of the greatest feeling. Every thing excited her sensibility, friendship, the arts, the spectacle of nature: the reading of a play caused suffocation; and at one of the representations of *misanthropy and repentance* she was obliged to be carried out of her box. Her admiration of whatever kind it was, never was expressed without tears. She wept, the first time she saw the Apollo Belvidere: she wept, when she looked stedfastly at the moon: she wept, on hearing a musical instrument; and it was related of her, that having been at the opera at the first appearance of Vestris, she melted into tears on seeing him dance. It was quite a subject for wonder, that after having experienced such an incessant and lively agitation, she still possessed an excellent state of health, and that her eyes, condemned to perpetual weeping, far from being dimmed, were always so brilliant; in fine she herself depicted her sensibility, and spoke of her feelings with an eloquence, to which a very handsome face added a charm, that completed the seduction of Sainclair. When love has seized the heart, observation, reflection are no more: follies are but frequent singularities, the grossest exaggeration appears but the heightening of a superior soul. Clotilda had lost her parents, when she was very young, and had had as guardian and governess a step-sister much older than herself; her gratitude to this sister appeared quite impassioned: it is true she neglected her very much, and scarcely ever saw her; but she *spoke* of her incessantly with a warmth and a sensibility, that quite transported Sainclair.

Madame D'Olmene, this so dearly cherished sister, was dying of a con-

sumption; and the feeling Clotilda blinded herself in such a manner with respect to that circumstance, that she went into public, to fetes and spectacles, with a perfect security. Her friends shuddered, when they reflected, that in all likelihood she would learn at some ball the death of this object of her liveliest affection; no one had the cruelty to open her eyes; besides, what were the proper steps to undeceive her in this respect? The physicians had pronounced the fatal sentence; Clotilda could not be ignorant of it, but she persuaded herself, that the physicians were altogether mistaken; she trusted to nothing, but her own heart and her hopes. How amiable an error!! what a dreadful blow she is about to receive!—and how will she be able to support it! She will certainly sink under it!! Such were the expressions of Clotilda's circle—but did their thoughts correspond? I should think not. In the world we are very rarely the dupes of affection; but we often pretend to be so in order to preserve an agreeable connection, or to excite admiration at our candour, or through malignity, in order to give others an opportunity of laughing at some ridiculous person, whom we are afraid of criticizing, Sainclair alone was sincere in his admiration of Clotilda; and he was perfectly so: he had never studied any female folly but pedantry and pretensions to wit; he had moreover passed his life in the country, and—he was in love: so that Clotilda, who set so high a value on this conquest, could have effected it at much less expense.

On the very day, the evening of which was appointed by Sainclair for his departure from a place rendered so agreeable to him by the presence of Clotilda, some visitors arrived, whose presence embarrassed him very much.

The Count de Montclair, his daughter, the charming Albina, and the Baroness de——, the Count's sister, arrived a little before supper. When Albina perceived Sainclair, she blushed so very highly, that he had not the smallest room to doubt, but that she knew of his having sought her hand. Although he had entirely given her

up, and thought himself in love with Clotilda, this idea gave him pleasure: it was pleasing to him to think, that at least she was not ignorant, that he would have preferred her to all her sex.

Just as the Count was entering the room, some one of the company was relating a moving account of an unfortunate family, who had retired to Passy, and had been recently ruined by a bankruptcy: the story, which had been interrupted by the Count's arrival, was resumed, and the detail of the dreadful misery of this unfortunate family interested the feelings of all in a lively manner. Frequently during the recital, Sainclair looked at Albina—not from any curiosity to observe the impression, she received—that he easily conjectured—but by a natural and instinctive movement, to find in her eyes the expression of what he experienced in himself.

He did not interrogate her: nor speak to her: secure before-hand of her answer, he always met her glances in the interesting moments; both moved by the same pity, were desirous of seeing it in each other, and of confiding it mutually: they formed no expectation of the like from those around them. This sweet sympathy of noble souls, which require not, that they should study each other in order to their being mutually known and understood is the first attraction of real love.

At the conclusion of the story, Clotilda, whom Sainclair had completely forgotten during half an hour, got up, and went out precipitately, a moment after it was announced, that Clotilda was unwell in the next room. The mistress of the house and two others of Clotilda's friends flew to her assistance; Sainclair followed them. They found Clotilda languidly extended in an arm-chair, her hair in disorder, and her head reclined upon a cushion; she assures them with an air of constraint, that she is well—very well: to the lively interest, they show, she answers like a person, who was troubled with inquiries; she at length acknowledges that it was the history of the unfortunate family, which had made her

so dreadfully ill. She adds; that she feels it is a weakness, and that she would fain hide it. Had they not seen that?—had she not left the room by stealth? She concluded by saying, as if to excuse herself, that in truth she had been very unwell from the morning. The whole was played with the natural air of a consummate actress. Her friends were perfectly well aware of it, but Sainclair entertained not the smallest suspicion. Clotilda, with an effort, got up, and entered the room, leaning on Sainclair, who was a little embarrassed at his re-appearance, conducting Clotilda thus. He sought the eyes of Albina; she turned her back to him; he spoke, that she might hear him; Albina did not turn back her head! The company sat to table; Sainclair placed himself beside Clotilda, and found himself opposite to Albina; but no more sympathizing looks; Albina appearing to chat very gaily with those near her, did not once look at Sainclair. In vain did he offer her a part of whatever was placed before him; Albina constantly refused in a dry tone, and with an inattentive air, without casting her eyes upon him: so that at length this worthy young man was very much offended. Modest, timid people are often deficient in address. Self-love has such delicacy of touch, that it never loses any thing of what flatters it. A fop, in Sainclair's place, would have easily seen in Albina's conduct a mixture of marked vexation; he would have conjectured, that during his absence from the room she had heard his love for Clotilda spoken of. But Sainclair saw in the behaviour of Albina nothing but a disobliging dryness; and he became displeased. Clotilda eat nothing, and said repeatedly to Sainclair, she was sure of being ill for two or three days. Sainclair believed her: but as he was not much disposed to admire her, this excess of sensibility appeared to him that evening no other than an alarming defect of organization.

After supper the friends of Clotilda surrounded her with an air of tender interest; they pretended to observe, that she was pale and changed, and

on the whole they completely seconded her views. Good offices of this kind are always repaid upon occasion, and it is this, which, among women of a certain description, constitutes all the security of society; on other occasions, they betray each other; they slander, they calumniate, but they never ridicule these important measures; as it would be equivalent to an interdicting of them in their own case.

Late at night as Sainclair was in a sorrowful mode, preparing to depart, a person came into the room, and told him in the presence of the whole company, that his coachman was dead drunk. Good! replied Sainclair; that is his way, and it never hinders him from driving me very safely. It was objected, that the night was dark, the road bad, and that he would have to drive an entire league on a narrow road between two deep lakes. Sainclair persisted. Albina, till that moment silent, then speaking of a sudden, "surely," said she, with a voice of emotion, "this poor coachman in such a situation, may fall from his seat and be killed! I think, humanity alone ought"—Here the Count de Montclair looked at his daughter; she blushed and was silent. Sainclair was exceedingly piqued at finding, that Albina was concerned only of the danger the coachman might be in; and, that, besides, she accused him of being deficient in humanity; he answered with sharpness, that if there was any danger for his coachman, he would share it. Clotilda and all the ladies opposed the departure of Sainclair, who, still displeased with Albina, consented at last to remain, but appeared to yield only from a wish to please Clotilda. In a short time after Count de Montclair and his daughter departed. The party still sat up: Sainclair was gloomy and absent, his sadness was attributed to his uneasiness about Clotilda's health, and he retired to bed, very much displeased with the evening, and particularly so with himself.

The next day he went away after dinner: when he got to Paris, he found himself without employment,

and quite wearied. One morning, the account of the wretched ruined family occurred to him, and he wished to see them. He went to Passy, and inquired for Madame Morin's house; he was conducted to it. On his entering the court yard, he saw a carriage, and recognized the Montclair livery! In much emotion, he was going up stairs, supposing, he should have to go to the uppermost story; but he was told, that two days before, the family had taken possession of a better apartment on the second floor, which had been suitably furnished through the care of a charming young lady. He did not ask her name; but he recollected her glances, and said to himself, ah, how touching and sincere is her pity!

He was at the door of the new apartment, not determined now, whether he ought to enter; for it is easy to accost people, who are in extreme distress, without being announced; but when people are no longer so, then some pretext is necessary—and then he should find Albina there, who would not fail to think, that he came too late!—While he was hesitating, the door opened, and Albina, followed by her governess appeared—He remained immovable; Albina showed some surprize; afterwards she saluted him, and passed rapidly by. How beautiful she appeared!—How much grace in her unstudied dress, as she descended the small dark staircase! she looked back once, and saw Sainclair still at the door, and following her with his eyes, she disappeared.

When Sainclair could no longer see her, he listened—he heard the carriage drive from the court, and he started.—He resolves on seeing Madame Morin; from her he would hear some thing of Albina. On ringing a bell, a servant came to the door, and brought him in: there he found Madame Morin, not as she had been described, in a wretched unfurnished room, but in an apartment, which though small, was very neat and convenient. He approached her respectfully, and said, that having learned her misfortunes, he came to offer her his services. Madame Morin thanked him and replied, that she had

nothing more to wish for; that Count de Montclair, inspired, guided by his angelic daughter, was become a most generous protector, that an annuity secured to her an honest support. I have three daughters, she continued, Mademoiselle de Montclair has taken one of them with her, whom she treats as a companion, she has placed another in a convent, the abbess of which is an aunt of her own, and I have only the youngest with me. Madame Montclair ordered this apartment to be furnished. There is generosity! But what is still above all these kindnesses, is the delicate goodness of Mademoiselle; gratitude itself cannot describe it—if you could know, sir, what her attentions are, and what friendship she testifies for me—how she forgets herself talking here with me!

While Madame Morin was speaking, Sainclair, exceedingly softened, considered with much interest the furniture of the little room: he guessed, which were the peculiar gifts of Albina, this pretty set of breakfast china, this little work-basket, this tambour frame, the canary bird, the box filled with flowers, were surely not any of the Count's presents. With inexpressible trouble he recognized the hand of a beneficent female, the hand of Albina!! The seduction of talents and beauty may be combated by reason, but what can be opposed to the enchantment produced by the union of youth, grace, and virtue? we even applaud ourselves for the enthusiasm, we experience.

Sainclair was drawn from his reverie by hearing Madame Morin say, that Albina was to go to the country in less than a fortnight, and to remain there till her marriage. This word made Sainclair start: he heaved a deep sigh, and took leave of Madame Morin. As he considered, that his visits might prevent the visits of Albina, he took a polite method of mentioning, as he was going, that he would not return. The next day he sent Madame Morin a handsome table ornamented with the rarest flowers. The person, he had commissioned to send it, was ignorant of his name; but it was easily guessed.

It was indispensable for Sainclair to dissipate his thoughts: he revisited Clotilda, who by her manners and conduct succeeded in persuading him, that she had a great passion for him: she was charming, and Sainclair soon arrived at discarding Albina from his memory.

Sainclair however did not engage himself; he did not even declare his sentiments; he perceived in Clotilda an impassioned taste for a talent, that caused him some uneasiness. Clotilda was a painter, and one of great ambition; she did not amuse herself with painting flowers; she composed mythological subjects in oil colours; and pretended to an equality in this with the most celebrated women.

*To be Continued.*

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,  
A CRITIQUE signed N on the narrative entitled Scotch law and politeness, having been inserted in your magazine for December, and some insinuations not altogether just thrown out, I request permission to make a few additional observations through the medium of your useful publication. N. is kind enough to say, that narrative in question deserves notice for two or three particulars, that it is deserving of any attention from a person of N's evident literary acquirements, is particularly flattering to the author, and in gratitude he is bound to permit N. to change that part of the title (politeness) with which he finds fault, and to substitute brutality, vulgarity, ignorance or any other word he may conceive more applicable. Mr. C. and party have been indirectly accused of a want of forbearance, and of the milk of human kindness—and N. has stated they might have saved themselves much trouble by sending or going to the person first engaged, to inquire into the cause of his delay: granted, and by acting so they might have (what perhaps is of more consequence to N.) saved the character of the Scotch magistrates, but unfortunately they were not acquainted with the driver's

place of residence, and if they had it was not their duty to send; they waited two hours beyond the appointed time; and surely the driver might have sent to inform them if he had got the tooth-ache, or his horses the bots. As to a want of the milk of human kindness, I can assure N. Mr. C. has evinced by many actions that he is not wanting in it, but possesses it in a superior degree; and with respect to a want of forbearance, I am convinced N. himself will think with me, there was no want of that quality when I inform him that no legal process was instituted against those magistrates for their brutal conduct; and that Mr. C. still permits them to hold their commissions of the peace!!!

N. appears much offended with the magistrate who ordered the gentleman to wait in the rain whilst he eat his breakfast (though it is evident he was much less to blame than the one who granted the order) and I feel much distress that N. to show his ire is obliged to have recourse to a stale pun on the word justice; punning is much beneath a man of talent, but an old one used as one's own is still more beneath him. I cannot conclude without observing that in publishing the narrative alluded to, I meant not the slightest reflection on the Scotch nation. I have resided some years in Scotland, and entertain a high respect for, and opinion of a number of its inhabitants. I consider Scotland as a rich garden, containing like all other gardens, a number of weeds; but surely the improper conduct of a few individuals cannot fix a stigma on any country.

H.S.

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

REPLY TO H. S. BY N.

SIR,  
I HAVE been long since as well convinced as you can be of the folly of giving advice gratis; and therefore want little to be said to show me my error on the present occasion: had I been as well informed as I am now, I should on the contrary have asked advice, but

*Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*